The BOYS™

Dear Becky

01

MATURE

DYNAMITE®

DA RI CK 2019

The BOYS™

Dear Becky

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GARTH ENNIS & DARICK ROBERTSON

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Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female were The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth — superpower. Some superheroes had to be watched. Some of them had to be controlled. And some of them — sometimes — had to be taken out of the picture.

The issue was decided in one final battle against a massed superhero army, when a plan concocted by the "supes" to overthrow the US government went horribly awry. Now, twelve years later, Hughie and his lover Annie January have returned to his home in the Scottish town of Auchterladle — their battles fought and won, their torment over.

The days when Colonel Greg Mallory led The Boys are firmly in the past. So too are the times Billy Butcher shared with a woman who strove to send him down a different road. All of that is over and done with. Finished.

Now read on…

DYNAMITE®

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1: SATURDAY

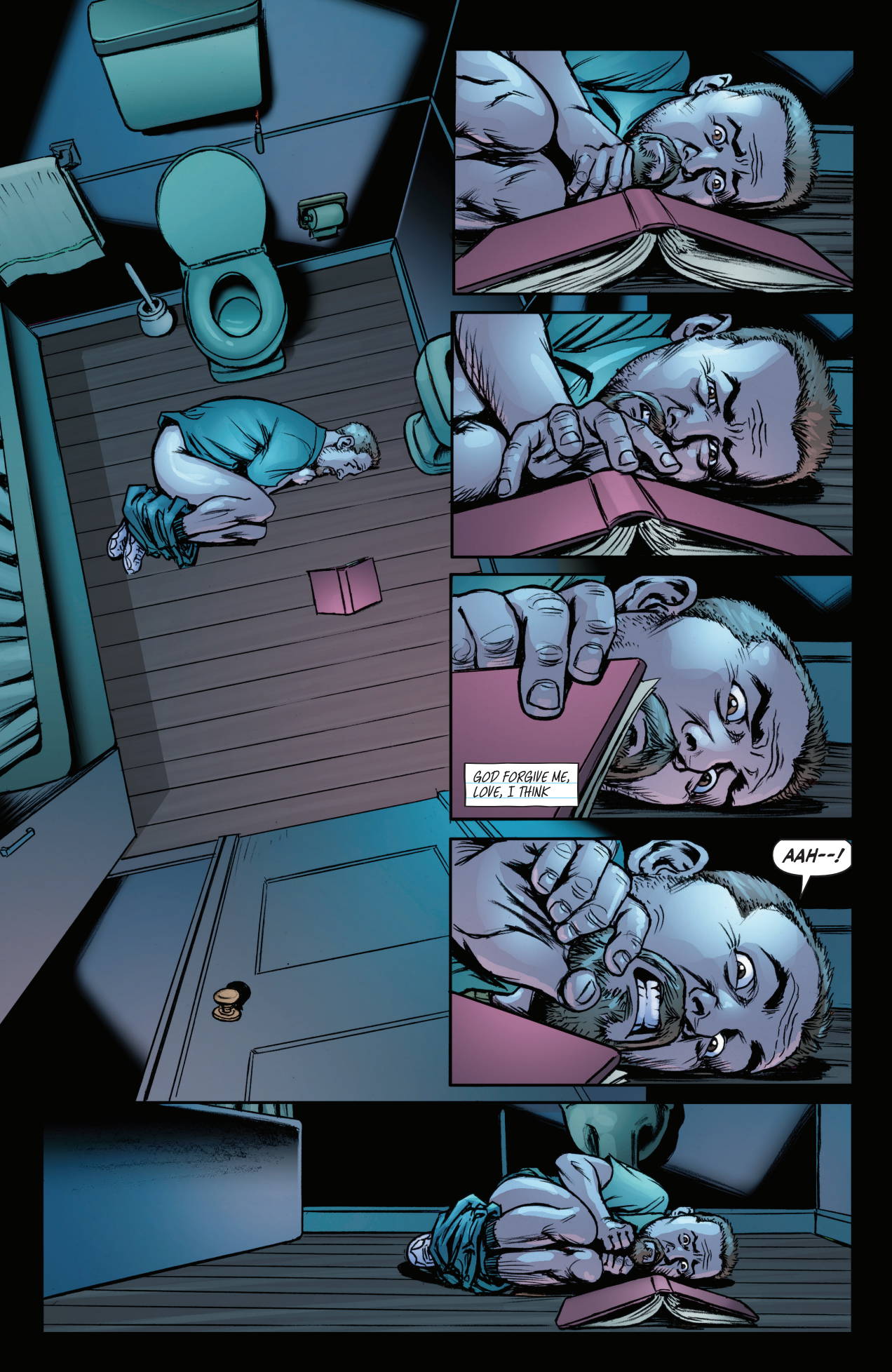
FUCKIN' WOKE...?
A87
Auchterladle 1M
I'M NO' SAYIN I AM, I'M JUST SAYIN' IT'S A THING YE HEAR--
IT'S A LOADA SHITE IS WHAT IT IS...
McCLUCH'S
IT'S JUST WHITE FOLK INVENTIN' WAYS TO FEEL LIKE THEY'RE MAKIN' A DIFFERENCE--BEFORE THEY FUCK OFF TO THE SUBURBS AN' START SHITTIN' OUT KIDS, AS USUAL...
OH AYE?
AYE! I TELL YOU WHAT, BOBBI, LET'S YOU AN' ME TRY A WEE EXPERIMENT:
MM?
YOU PRETEND YOU'RE--
HANG ON.
WH--
DID YOU JUST DEAD-NAME ME, YE CUNT?

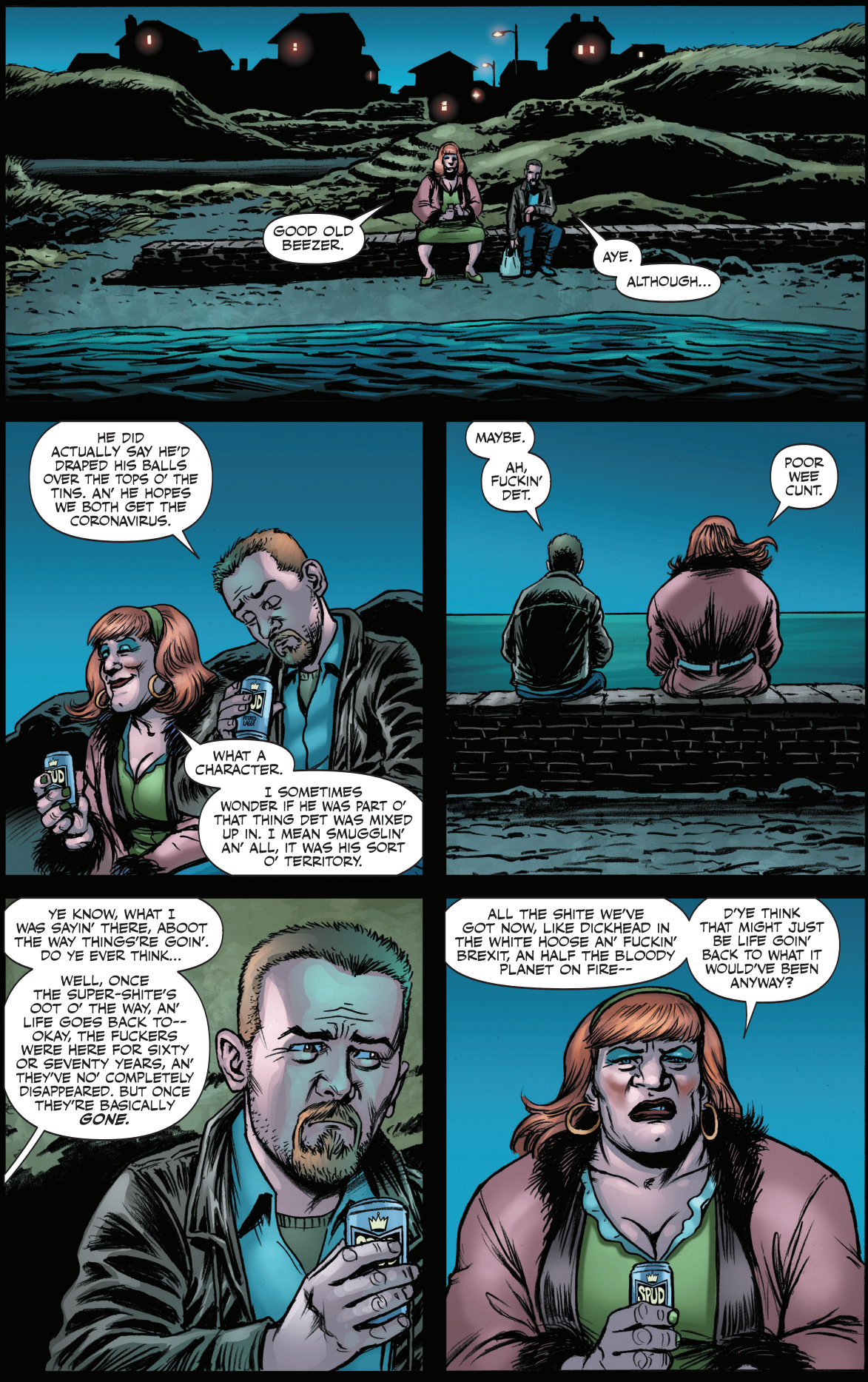
NO...
YE DID. YE CALLED ME BOBBY.
I CALLED YOU BOBBI, WITH AN EYE...
NO YE DIDNAE. YE SAID BOBBY, WITH A WHY.
I BLOODY WELL DID NOT...!
I SAID--OH, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!
YOU'RE A FUCKIN' ANNOYIN' BASTARD, D'YOU KNOW THAT?
I'LL TELL YE YER PROBLEM, HUGHIE: YE'VE GOT CISGENDER BLIND SPOTS...
AYE, WELL I'LL HAVE A WORD WI' THE DOCTOR AN' SEE IF HE CAN GIVE ME SOMETHIN' TO CLEAR THEM UP. 'NOTHER ONE?
AYE.
DINNAE FORGET YER WEE EXPERIMENT, NOW.
...I FUCKIN' PRAY EVERY NIGHT THAT YOU'LL GET CANCER O' THE COCK, D'YE KEN THAT?
SEEMS A WEE BIT EXTREME, BEEZER.
AN' THEN YE STICK IT UP YER TRANNY PAL'S ERSE AN' HE GETS IT TOO! I FUCKIN' WANK ABOOT IT!
YOU GIVE US A PACKET O' CHEESE AN' ONION AS WELL?
S
SWILLS BITTER
DOUCHE IPA
LAGER

ALL RIGHT, WE'LL CHANGE PLACES. YOU'RE GONNA BE A STRAIGHT WHITE MALE.
OH AYE?
AN' I'M GONNA BE TRANS, OR GAY, OR BLACK... OR A WOMAN, OR AN IMMIGRANT, MAYBE...
OR SOME COMBINATION O' SAME. RIGHT, GOT YE.
OKAY, YOU COMFY?
I AM INDEED, AYE.
AYE, YOU SHOULD BE. RIGHT, THEN, MISTER STRAIGHT WHITE MALE.
NOW THAT YOU'RE WOKE...NOW THAT YOU'VE EXAMINED YOUR PRIVILEGE FROM ALL SORTS OF INTERESTIN' NEW ANGLES...
(AND FOUND OUT ALL THE STUFF YOU SORTA KNEW ALL ALONG, REALLY.)
BUT NOW YOU'RE WOKE, IF YOU AN' I WERE UP FOR THE SAME JOB, WOULD YOU STEP ASIDE AN' LET ME HAVE IT?
IF OUR KIDS WERE UP FOR THE SAME PLACE IN A REALLY GOOD SCHOOL, WOULD YOU GET YOUR KID TO LET MINE HAVE IT?
REMEMBER, YOU'RE NO' YOU, NOW. WHAT D'YOU SAY?
I THINK I'D SAY...WELL, I THINK THE RIGHT ANSWER, IF I COULD GET IT OOT WI' A STRAIGHT FACE, IS SOMETHIN' ALONG THE LINES OF--I HADNAE THOUGHT O' THAT, OBVIOUSLY I NEED TO LISTEN AN' BE MINDFUL WHILE PEOPLE SHARE THEIR STORIES.
SEE YE!
AYE, OR SOME OTHER LOAD O' WANK. UH--SORRY, I CAN'T ANSWER JUST NOW, I'M BUSY DOIN' A TWEET ABOUT HOW THERE WERE NEVER ANY BLACK FOLK ON *FRIENDS*.
I'M JUST NO' DOIN' ANYTHING THAT ACTUALLY FUCKIN' COUNTS...

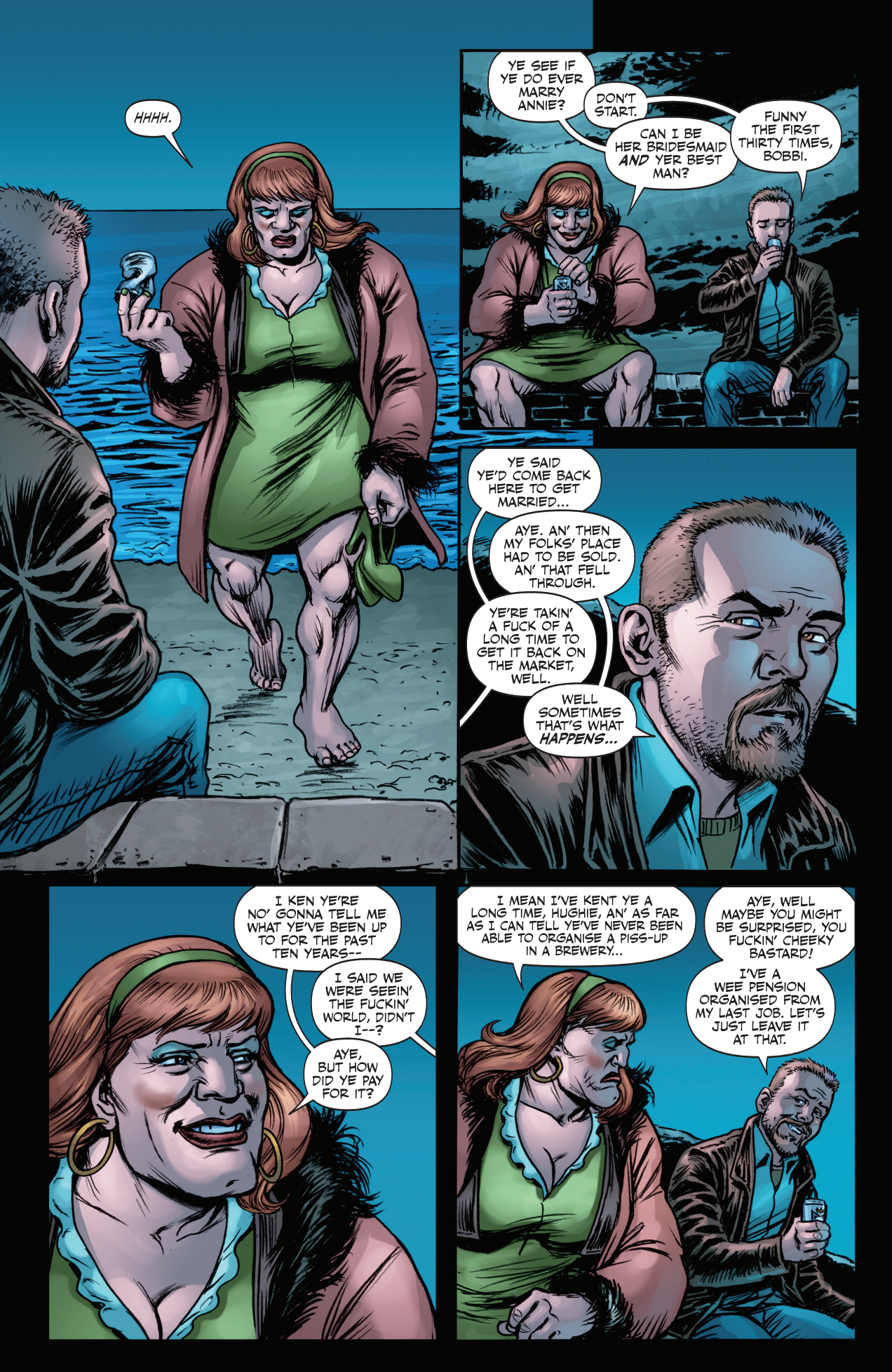
HEH.
YE KNOW, I'VE NEVER ASKED YE-- D'YE EVER THINK ABOOT HAVIN' KIDS?
EH--?
I MEAN I THINK IN MY CASE THE PROSPECTS ARE A WEE BIT UNLIKELY...
AYE, WELL. ANNIE CAN'T.
OH, SORRY, PAL--!
NAH, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT. SHE FOUND OUT FAIRLY EARLY ON, IT'S TO DO WI' SOME STUFF THAT HAPPENED WHEN SHE WAS YOUNGER.
BUT... EVEN BEYOND THAT...
I DUNNO, BOBBI, I NEVER REALLY THOUGHT MUCH ABOUT KIDS. I MEAN I'VE SEEN A FEW THINGS, I'VE... YOU MIGHT SAY I'VE SEEN THE WORLD AT ITS WORST.
AN' I DON'T SEE IT GETTIN' ANY BETTER, AN' I HONESTLY DON'T LIKE THE IDEA O' BRINGIN' SOME INNOCENT WEE CHILD INTO IT.
WHAT ABOOT ANNIE?
MORE OR LESS THE SAME. SHE HAD A WEE BIT OF A ROUGH TIME OF IT AT ONE STAGE TOO.
AYE...WOULD THIS BE THE STUFF THE TWO O' YE NEVER, EVER TALK ABOOT? LIKE, SORTA, WHATEVER IT WAS YE WERE UP TO WHEN YE CAME BACK HERE BEFORE?
WHY, I DON'T KNOW, ROBERTA. PERHAPS THAT MIGHT INDEED BE THE CASE.
HA HA HA, ROBERTA, YE FUCKIN' CUNT--!

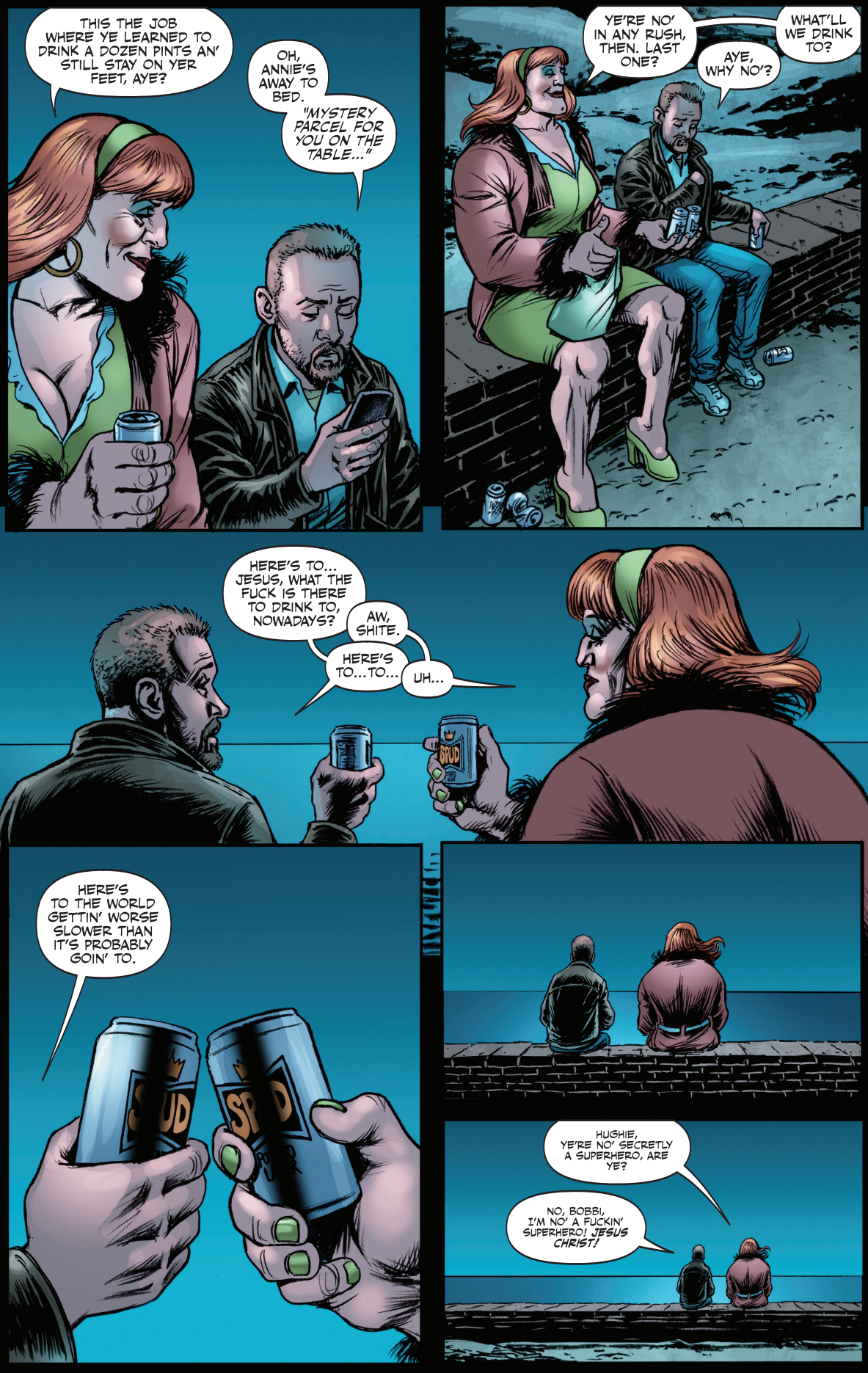
WELL, IF BOBBY'S SHORT FOR ROBERT...
AYE, RIGHT, FUCK OFF.
I KEN WHAT YE MEAN, BUT. I MEAN OBVIOUSLY I'M GLAD THERE WAS NO BLOODY SUPERHUMAN APOCALYPSE TEN OR SO YEARS AGO--
I'M GLAD THE YANKS MANAGED TO STOP THE BASTARDS IN FRONT O' THE PENTAGON.
BUT HONESTLY... IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE PERFECTLY CAPABLE O' FUCKIN' THE WORLD UP ALL BY OORSELVES.
WELL, IF WE ARE, WE'RE NO' GONNA FIX IT CLAWIN' EACH OTHERS' EYES OUT ON THE WAY UP THE MORAL HIGH GROUND...
OH, HUGHIE. YE DO NOT LIKE THE WOKERY-POKERY, DO YE?
HAVE WE NO' PRETTY MUCH ESTABLISHED THAT?
AYE, I KEN. I'M NO' EVEN SAYIN' I DISAGREE WI' YE ALL THAT MUCH, THERE'S AN AWFUL LOT OF IT IS JUST SELF-SERVIN' BOLLOCKS.
BUT...
I DUNNO, WEE MAN.
THERE'S TIMES I THINK YE'RE A WEE BIT HARD ON FOLK.


GOD FORGIVE ME, LOVE, I THINK
AAH--!


GOOD OLD BEEZER.
AYE.
ALTHOUGH...
HE DID ACTUALLY SAY HE'D DRAPED HIS BALLS OVER THE TOPS O' THE TINS. AN' HE HOPES WE BOTH GET THE CORONAVIRUS.
WHAT A CHARACTER.
I SOMETIMES WONDER IF HE WAS PART O' THAT THING DET WAS MIXED UP IN. I MEAN SMUGGLIN' AN' ALL, IT WAS HIS SORT O' TERRITORY.
MAYBE.
AH, FUCKIN' DET.
POOR WEE CUNT.
YE KNOW, WHAT I WAS SAYIN' THERE, ABOOT THE WAY THINGS'RE GOIN'. DO YE EVER THINK...
WELL, ONCE THE SUPER-SHITE'S OOT O' THE WAY, AN' LIFE GOES BACK TO-- OKAY, THE FUCKERS WERE HERE FOR SIXTY OR SEVENTY YEARS, AN' THEY'VE NO' COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED. BUT ONCE THEY'RE BASICALLY *GONE.*
ALL THE SHITE WE'VE GOT NOW, LIKE DICKHEAD IN THE WHITE HOOSE AN' FUCKIN' BREXIT, AN HALF THE BLOODY PLANET ON FIRE--
D'YE THINK THAT MIGHT JUST BE LIFE GOIN' BACK TO WHAT IT WOULD'VE BEEN ANYWAY?

ALL THE SHITE YOU CAN'T FIGHT, YOU MEAN.
AYE!
THAT ALL THAT MULTICOLORED BOLLOCKS JUST SORT O' CAMOFLAGED.
AYE, EXACTLY!
I DUNNO.
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D EVER SAY ANYTHIN' LIKE THIS, BUT I'M GLAD MY MAW AN' PAW AREN'T AROUND TO SEE HOW THINGS'RE GOIN'. IT'D'VE BROKEN THEIR HEARTS.
IT FUCKIN' WELL BROKE MINE.
D'YE KEN WE HAD FOLK ROOND HERE VOTIN' LEAVE? EVEN THOUGH WE'RE IN SCOTLAND? *HERE?*
"WE DINNAE LIKE IMMIGRANTS..."
WHAT FUCKIN' IMMIGRANTS, YE *DOSS CUNTS--?*
GOOD LUCK LIVIN' IN THE ERSE END O' NOWHERE WI' NO E.U. FUNDIN', BOYS AN' GIRLS.
YOU'RE NO' GONNA LEAVE THAT THERE, ARE YOU?
WHAT, WILL IT SPOIL THE LOOK O' THE PLACE, WI' ALL THE BITS O' FLOATIN' PLASTIC AN' DEAD SEALS?


HHHH.
YE SEE IF YE DO EVER MARRY ANNIE?
DON'T START.
CAN I BE HER BRIDESMAID *AND* YER BEST MAN?
FUNNY THE FIRST THIRTY TIMES, BOBBI.
YE SAID YE'D COME BACK HERE TO GET MARRIED...
AYE. AN' THEN MY FOLKS' PLACE HAD TO BE SOLD. AN' THAT FELL THROUGH.
YE'RE TAKIN' A FUCK OF A LONG TIME TO GET IT BACK ON THE MARKET, WELL.
WELL SOMETIMES THAT'S WHAT *HAPPENS*...
I KEN YE'RE NO' GONNA TELL ME WHAT YE'VE BEEN UP TO FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS--
I SAID WE WERE SEEIN' THE FUCKIN' WORLD, DIDN'T I--?
AYE, BUT HOW DID YE PAY FOR IT?
I MEAN I'VE KENT YE A LONG TIME, HUGHIE, AN' AS FAR AS I CAN TELL YE'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO ORGANISE A PISS-UP IN A BREWERY...
AYE, WELL MAYBE YOU MIGHT BE SURPRISED, YOU FUCKIN' CHEEKY BASTARD!
I'VE A WEE PENSION ORGANISED FROM MY LAST JOB. LET'S JUST LEAVE IT AT THAT.


THIS THE JOB WHERE YE LEARNED TO DRINK A DOZEN PINTS AN' STILL STAY ON YER FEET, AYE?
OH, ANNIE'S AWAY TO BED.
"MYSTERY PARCEL FOR YOU ON THE TABLE..."
YE'RE NO' IN ANY RUSH, THEN. LAST ONE?
WHAT'LL WE DRINK TO?
AYE, WHY NO'?
HERE'S TO... JESUS, WHAT THE FUCK IS THERE TO DRINK TO, NOWADAYS?
AW, SHITE.
HERE'S TO...TO...
UH...
HERE'S TO THE WORLD GETTIN' WORSE SLOWER THAN IT'S PROBABLY GOIN' TO.
HUGHIE, YE'RE NO' SECRETLY A SUPERHERO, ARE YE?
NO, BOBBI, I'M NO' A FUCKIN' SUPERHERO! JESUS CHRIST!

?
HUGH CAMPBELL
c/o 7 WATKINS LANE
AUCTERLADLE
SCOTLAND
UK
DEAR BECKY,

I FEEL A BIT STRANGE WRITING TO YOU LIKE THIS. I FEEL EVEN STRANGER WRITING IN YOUR DIARY.
BECAUSE IT'S SOMETHING THAT BELONGED TO YOU. I NEVER EVEN KNEW YOU HAD IT, BUT IT WAS YOURS. WHEN I READ WHAT WAS IN IT I WENT COMPLETELY BLOODY SPARE, I NEVER BEEN MORE ANGRY IN MY LIFE.
BUT IT'S SOMETHING THAT WAS YOURS. AND EVEN TOUCHING IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE THE GROUND'S MOVING UNDER MY FEET, BECAUSE YOU'RE GONE.
I LOVED MY WIFE, HUGHIE.
BECKY, HER NAME WAS.
NAAAHH

HNK!
OF PEOPLE WOULD BE SURPRISED I CAN READ AND WRITE AT ALL. BUT YOU

OH, GOD...
OH, GOD...
WOULD NEVER HAVE SAID NOTHING LIKE THAT. YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE REALLY AND TRULY BELIEVED IN ME, GOD HELP YOU.
YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE IN THE WHOLE BLOODY WORLD I COULD TALK TO. I SUPPOSE YOU STILL ARE, BECAUSE THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN THINK OF TO DO THIS.
BECAUSE I THINK MAYBE YOU'RE NOT GONE, LOVE.
I DON'T MEAN YOU'RE STANDING HERE LOOKING OVER MY SHOULDER OR NOTHING LIKE THAT.
I MEAN SOMETHING ELSE.
FUCKSAKE, FRENCHIE, HOLD HIM STEADY--!

DESOLE, M'SIEU CHARCUTER-- IL EST UN, HOW DO YOU SAY, SLIPPERY LITTLE SHIT...
HE'S FUCKIN' TEN.
RIGHT, YOU GOT HIM?
OFF YOU GO, LUV.
HNNHH!
THOUGHT THIS ONE WOULD HAVE GIVEN US MORE TROUBLE.
FEMALE'S JUST TOO FAST.
LOOK, YOU LITTLE CUNT, D'YOU WANT ME TO MAKE A BALLS OF THIS? MAKE IT WORSE THAN IT HAS TO BE?
STAY STILL...

MIND YER FINGERS, LUV.
HEEEEEEEEEENN
RIGHT:
HNKK--!
THERE WE GO...
HNNNHHHH!
DOWN THE MIDDLE THERE...LOVELY JUBBLIE...
SHE REALLY IS WORTH HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.
MM-HM.
CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT IT WOULD HAVE LOOKED LIKE, IF ONE OF US HAD TO LURE HIM IN HERE?
HEARD THAT.
SACRE BLEU! C'EST UN GUSHER!
HKKKK!
RESTROOM OUT OF ORDER
DO NOT ENTER
RESTROOM CLOSED FOR CLEANING

FUCKIN' HELL, DON'T TELL ME THERE'S NO SOAP...!
NEXT ONE.
AW, CHEERS, FRENCHIE...
YEAH, YEAH, GIVE US A SECOND. I THINK I'D FEEL A BIT FUNNY, WALKIN' AROUND WITH A LITTLE KID'S CLARET UNDER ME FINGERNAILS.
HMH.
YOU ALMOST SOUND SQUEAMISH.
WE OUGHT TO GET MOVING.
I AIN'T SAYIN' IT WEREN'T A GIGGLE. BUT HONESTLY, I THINK I PREFER THE TIME WE BROKE INTO THE JUSTICE MANSION AN' FRENCHIE STUCK ALL THEIR TOOTHBRUSHES UP HIS ARSE.

AH, OUI. "VOTRE MISSION... SI VOUS CHOOSE TO ACCEPT IT..."
THAT THEY'D SAY WAS JUVENILE. THIS THEY'LL DEFINITELY NOTICE.
YEAH, 'COS SOME CUNT IN A CAPE AN' TIGHTS IS GONNA CALL US JUVENILE...!
THYATHAM!
THYATHAM!
THYATHAM!
THYATHAM!
SO I'M STANDING THERE LOOKING AT HIM--OR IT, EVEN.
I'M WATCHING IT STAMP AND SPIT, JUST TRYING TO KILL US WITH HOW MUCH IT HATES US, AND I'M THINKING--YEAH, THIS IS THEM. THIS IS THEM DEEP DOWN INSIDE, THE BIT THEY NEVER SHOW JOE PUBLIC BUT ME AND THE BOYS KNOW ALL ABOUT.

THIS IS WHAT MAKES IT EASY FOR ME.

BUT NEXT THING I KNOW I'M THINKING OF SOMETHING ELSE.

THERE'S NO WAY I'M GOING TO SAY THIS TO MALLORY AND THEM, BUT NO MATTER WHAT HE DONE, NO MATTER THAT HE SAYS HIS STUPID BLOODY WORD AND GETS FIVE TIMES BIGGER AND STICKS HIS DICK AND HIS FINGERS IN PEOPLE DON'T WANT HIM TO, HE'S STILL JUST A TEN YEAR-OLD KID.

AND I KNOW WHY I'M THINKING THAT.

I HATE TALKING ABOUT SUPES AND ALL THIS BLOODY AWFUL SHIT TO YOU, BUT IF YOU'RE WITH ME THE WAY I THINK YOU ARE YOU SEE IT ANYWAY.
YOU'RE STILL THERE, BECKY.
ALL THE GOOD STUFF YOU DONE FOR ME AND GOT ME TO BELIEVE ABOUT MYSELF, THAT'S YOU AND I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I FEEL LIKE YOU'RE GETTING STRONGER. YOU AREN'T GOING NOWHERE, NOT ANY TIME SOON.
BUT YOU SEE, I JUST CAN'T HAVE THAT. BECAUSE THE WAY THINGS ARE LOOKING WITH THE SUPES, THEY'RE GOING TO GET WORSE.
WHICH MEANS THE THINGS I'LL HAVE TO DO ARE GOING TO GET WORSE.

GOD FORGIVE ME, LOVE, BUT I THINK WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO IS KILL YOU.
HUGHIE?
BABY, ARE YOU OKAY?
HUGHIE?
TO BE CONTINUED

NEXT ISSUE

As Hughie's discoveries take him down a highly dangerous rabbit hole, what he learns about the good old days reveals a strangely conflicted Butcher- at the worst possible time, as the Boys investigate a particularly insidious supe threat.

BETTIE PAGE — HOLLYWOOD STARLET!

Karla, what drew you to writing Bettie Page initially? Did you previously have any affection for the timeless pinup extraordinaire?

KARLA PACHECO: There's a bit of burlesque in my personal history (as well as a "goth-rockabilly" phase that's far more embarrassing), so Bettie Page has always been a huge idol for me. Not just for her iconic style, but for the way she brought such a sense of joy and delight to her performances and sensuality.

This new series involves shooting a film on a tropical island and the tease of famous model Bettie Page becoming a genuine Hollywood star. Unfortunately, she never fully broke into mainstream acting in her life, often denied opportunities or faced with obstacles she refused to lower herself to, a narrative tragically still resonant today. How will your series handle Bettie's brushes with La La Land?

KARLA: One of the things that was most important to me in how we approached this series was staying respectful to Bettie Page's history and amazing spirit, even as we try to give her what will (hopefully) be a happier future. The real Bettie was indeed denied the opportunity to reach her full potential as a star, and I want to find the world where she DID get those chances... even though it's far from smooth sailing! She'll face plenty of challenges and a little heartbreak as she tries to make her mark on Hollywood, but I think it will be an exciting adventure for both readers and "our" Bettie.

You cited Ed Brubaker and Darwyn Cooke's take on Catwoman as an inspiration in style and besides being big fans of those masterful creators, we totally see the link. You've also acknowledged L.A. Confidential and the pulp and noir flavors being blended in. Can you dive into those and any other influences a bit?

KARLA: Catwoman is one of my all-time favorite characters, and the Brubaker/Cooke run was obviously one of the best. The things I love most about Selina Kyle and Bettie Page are their resilience, their charm, and the sheer exuberance they take in BEING THEMSELVES. Fearless in their sexuality, but (in Bettie's case) almost innocent to its effects. Both fit so effortlessly into a noir setting. Overall, I'm trying to weave together dusty, dog-eared Hammett and Chandler novels, the breezy feel of vintage "LOOK" magazines, classic episodes of Poirot and Murder She Wrote, and the salacious naughtiness of Hollywood gossip rags. It's lush, pulpy, stylish fun (with a surprising amount of murder and intrigue)!

You're introducing a healthy roster of colorful supporting characters to revolve around Bettie in this series. Without spoiling all the introductions, what can you tell us about a few of these men and women that fans will soon meet?

KARLA: Bettie is charismatic, sweet, sexy, and tough... but those qualities can invite adoration and envy, fear and attraction in equal measures. As we begin our story, Bettie's foray into Hollywood stardom has already led to a provocative circle of friends and foes: eccentric billionaires with more money than sense; a child star turned "America's Sweetheart" with a dark side and a grudge; an adorably morbid "girl photographer extraordinaire;" a loyal (or perhaps not) agent and protector; and a disgraced vice cop convinced Bettie is up to something, struggling against her "foul temptations" (she just thinks he's cute). This is a big story with a showstopper of a cast, all coming together to tell Bettie's story!

In addition to artist Vincenzo Federici, the creative team joining you is rounded out by colorist Rebecca Nalty and letterer Becca Carey. How has the collaboration been with this crew and seeing your scripts come to fruition?

KARLA: I'm so excited to be working with such a talented team. I can't wait for everyone to see what we're coming up with. This is a gorgeous, colorful dream of a book, and I think it will be a real surprise and a great adventure for our readers!

Vincenzo, as Karla has gone into her fonts of inspiration above, are you pulling from anything while tackling this project? Any particular artists, comics or other stories that are adding to the Bettie Page magic?

VINCENZO FEDERICI: I'm trying to approach this series with a more elegant style than my usual, because this kind of character and story really needs it. My inspiration usually comes from my favorite artist, Alan Davis. I really love his approach to the female figure and in general every mark he makes. In this series I'm also looking to Darwyn Cooke and Terry Dodson, two other legendary artists who I think capture both the power and sensuality of women well. I hope all the readers will enjoy my art on this!

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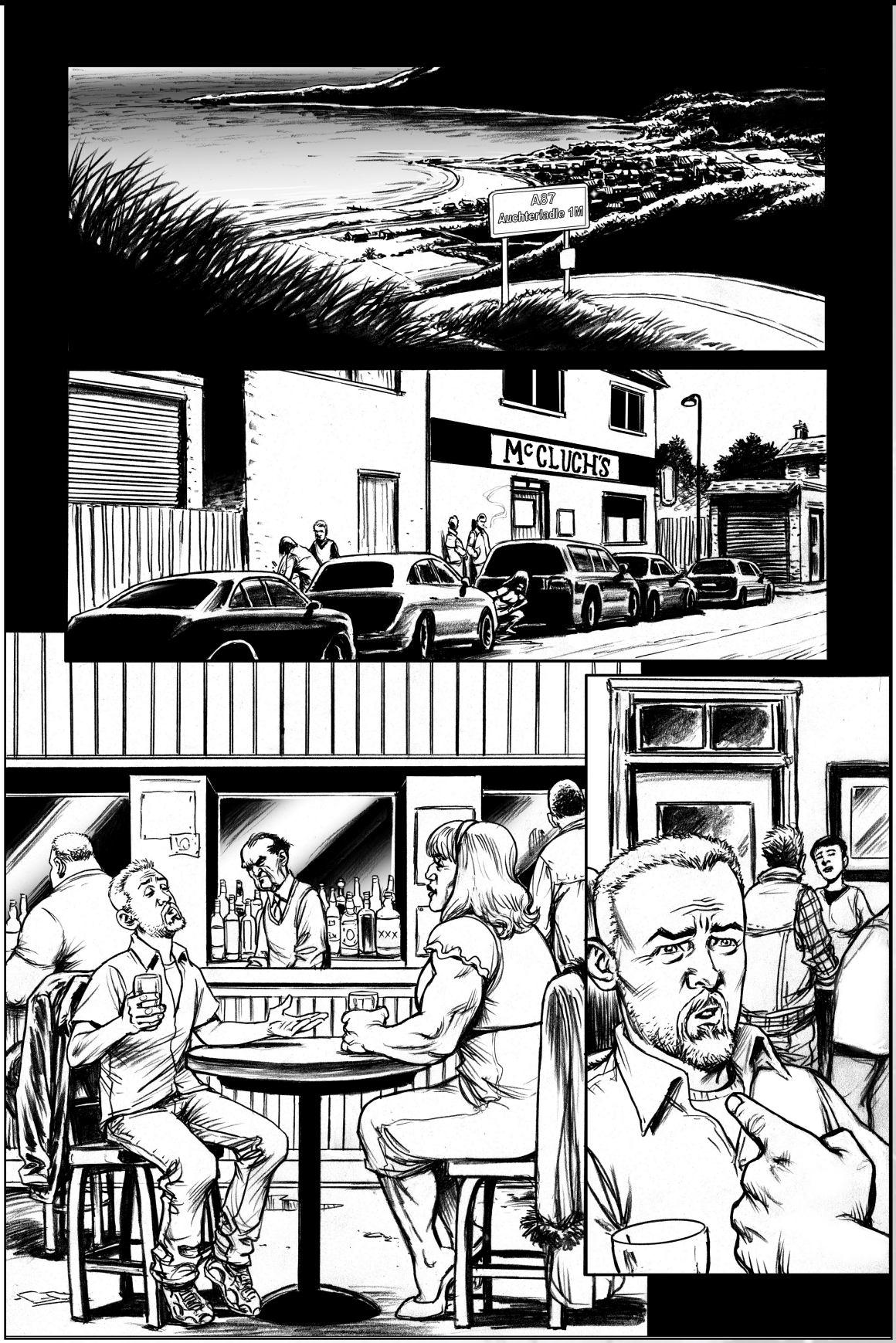

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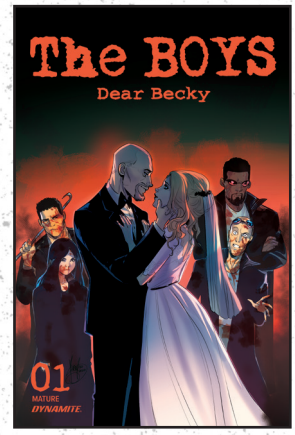
TONY AVIÑA



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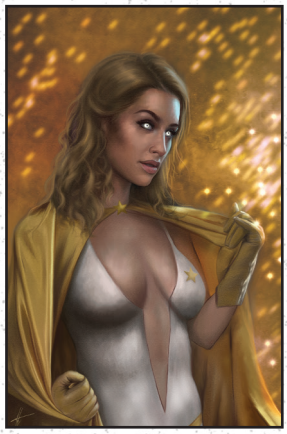

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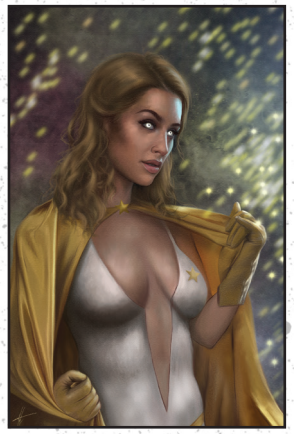

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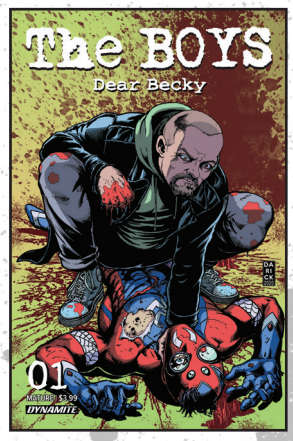

EXCLUSIVE

"green dressed" cover art by

DARICK ROBERTSON

colors by

TONY AVIÑA

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Cover Gallery

EXCLUSIVE
"black virgin" cover art by
DARICK ROBERTSON
colors by
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"gold virgin" cover art by
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colors by
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pure pencil cover art by
DARICK ROBERTSON

BONUS FOC INCENTIVE
b&w cover art by
DARICK ROBERTSON

BONUS FOC INCENTIVE
"virgin" cover art by
DARICK ROBERTSON
colors by
TONY AVIÑA

BONUS FOC INCENTIVE
b&w "virgin" cover art by
DARICK ROBERTSON